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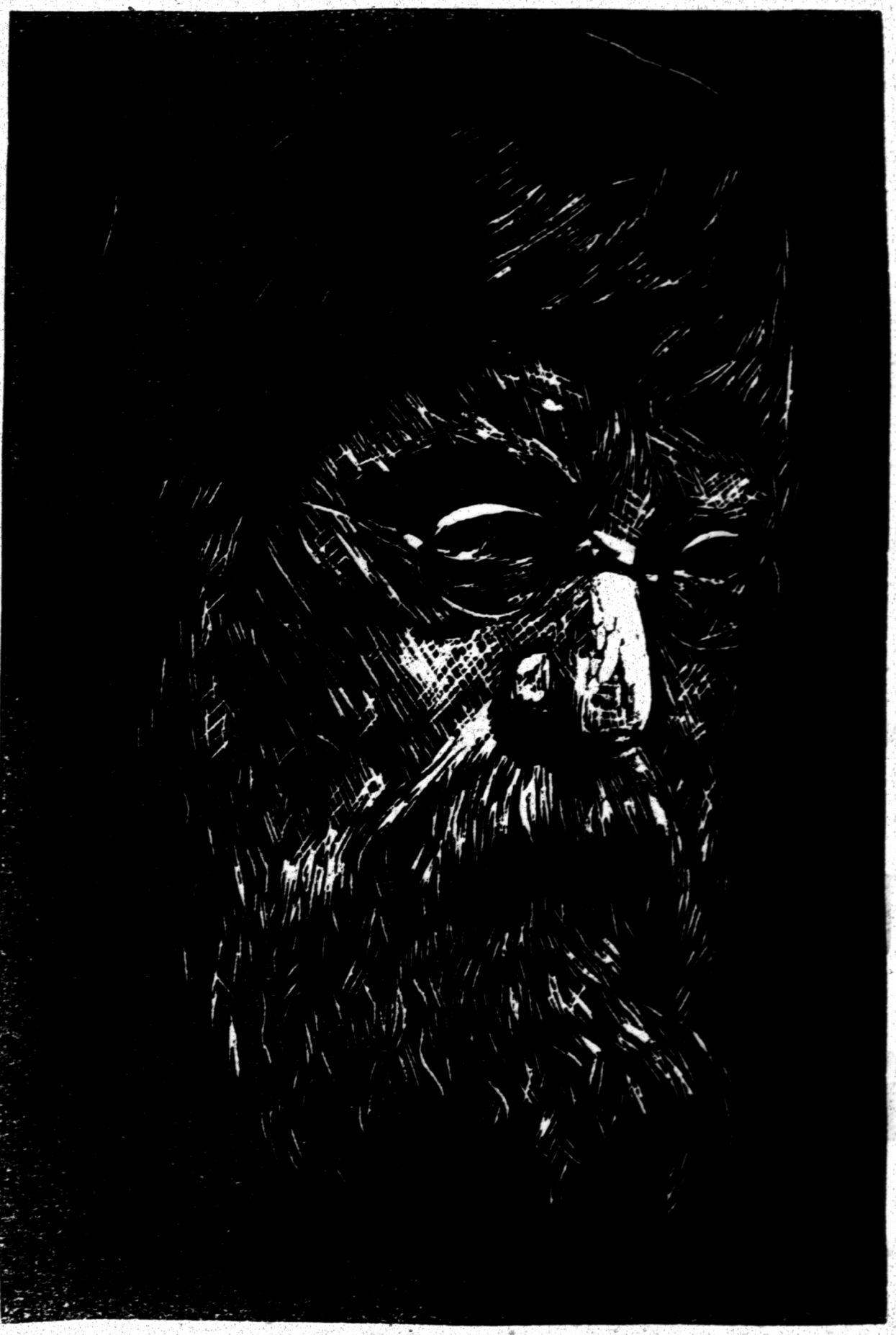

A LINOLEUM CUT
BY LANE WOOD
IN HONOR OF THE
NOTED IRISHMAN.S
VISIT TO CARMEL

A. E.

POETRY
PHILOSOPHY
MYSTICISM
BUTTER AND EGGS

SEE
FREDERICK O'BRIEN'S
COLUMN, PAGE EIGHT

Carmel News

COUNCIL MEETING

An adjourned meeting of the City Council held last night was devoted principally to consideration of the purchase of new machinery for the street dpartment to replace worn-out equipment. Representatives of various manufacturers were present to speak in behalf of their products and to present bids which will be opened next Monday.

An ordinance governing the installation of gas-burning appliances was adopted on second reading.

Various other routine matters came before the Council, none of much importance. Paving projects now under consideration were not taken up at the meeting.

P.-T. A. DANCE

The first dance of the Parent-Teachers Association season was the most successful since the organization was founded. On Friday evening, December second, the second dance of the year will be given—the annual prize dance.

Three prizes of considerable value have been offered for the best couples in the waltz and fox-trot. Judging will be according to grace, tempo and the proper steps of each dance. The donors of prizes are Messrs. Ray DeYoe, Louis H. Lvinson and Frank Sheridan.

FOOD SALE ON SATURDAY

By doing a bit of marketing with the P. T. A. Food Sale Committee to be stationed in Vining's meat market at nine o'clock Saturday morning, Carmel housewives may be relieved of a large share of the labor involved in the preparation of the Sunday or Thanksgiving dinner. Then too, as the dishes come from some of the greatest masters of the cooking art in the village, Carmel's families may enjoy various foods prepared in an individual style, surpassingly delicious.

Home cooked pies, cakes, jellies, breads, salads, meats, and even beans, and dainties of all sorts, will be attractively displayed in the market on Saturday at nine o'clock, and the sale will continue only as long as long as the food lasts.

MONTEREY PENINSULA COMMUNITY CHEST

Annual Drive Starts December 2

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS OF COMMUNITY CHEST

Pupils of th Peninsula schools who entered the contest for the prizes offered by the Community Chest handed in their essays on Monday. The judges are Col. Fitch, Dr. Wetherill, Col. Gibson, Miss E. Charlton Fortune and Mrs. William O'Donnell. The prize-winning esays will be published next week in the various Peninsula papers.

News has been received that eighteen Community Chests which held their campaigns in October raised more money than they sought. This month San Jose surpassed its goal in less time than expected The fact that financial conditions are poor is an incentive for people to give more generously. Several persons have come to the Chest office this week and asked for pledge cards, saying that they are increasing their subscriptions because of the greater need.

The Boy Souts and Girl Souts are not relief or charity organizations, but nevertheless they will share in the allotment of the Peninsula Community Chest. They are character-building organizations and are so listed in the Chest budget. In normal times the average Chest gives fifty per cent of its total income to such organizations, but this year the Monterey Peninsula Chest will allot only twenty-five per cent of its fund to other than relief agencies. Th Girl Scouts of Carmel and Pacific Grove share their capable leader, Miss Phillips, who plans to help start a troop at the Community Center in New Monterey this winter.

The Boy Scouts already have nine troops on the Peninsula, with two fine groups in Carmel.

The Community Center in Monterey, a Chest agency, was started as a day nursery for children whose mothers worked at the canneries and was open only a part of the year It is now open all the year with a U.C. graduate in charge, aided by a housekeeper. It is filled with children at the height of the cannery season. Mothers pay a small charge for each child which contributes more to their self-respect than to the income of the Center. During the time the canneries are closed, evening classes for older children are conducted.

ETCHING

The Carmel Academy of Art, under the direction of George Seideneck, announces an etching class under Paul Whitman on Saturday mornings beginning this week.

Detailed information may be had upon aplication to Mr. Seideneck.

The United States and Mexico

A Statistical Comparison

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE
Author of "The Bad Man"

In recent travels through Mexico, I have gathered a few facts that I am sure will be of interest to the general public of the world, especially to those who have been laboring under the delusion that Mexico is a backward country. True, in some ways Mexico is behind countries like the United States. There isn't a racketeer in the land; you can cross the street almost any time; and you can find a place to park your car without coming back and finding a ticket on it. You can even find a place where you can't hear a radio telling you how much you have lost in the last four hours in the stock market and that when the bell strikes it is four thirty-nine and seven-tenths by permission of the Astoria Woven Wire Underwear Company.

But outside of these sociological shortcomings, Mexico is doing fairly well, thank you. To prove this I give the following painfully gathered statistics. The figures are mine. So are the facts. They can be verified through Done and Badstreet, the Century Dictionary, McGuffey's Third Reader and Grimm's Fairy Tales. Roger Babson will use them if he is fortunate enough to see them. They are as follows, viz, to wit:

The United States has a population of one hundred and twenty-two millions. Six millions are out of work and worried about it

Mexico has seven thousand automobiles, lions. Of these 15,987,654 are out of work and proud of it. This is because while Mexico regards work as something that you do as little of as you have to do so that you can spend all the rest of the time enjoying yourself, the United States takes an antithetical view of the matter.

The United States has thirteen million automobiles. Of these 18,543 are paid for. Most of the rest are laid up because the owners are too broke to buy gas.

Mexio has seven thousand automobiles, all running.

In Detroit, five hundred automobile mechanics turn out seven thousand automobile frames a day to put on the shelf. In France five hundred ditto turn out seven hundred ditto to be used in building automobiles. In Mexico seven hundred mares turn out seven hundred colts every nine months. The estimated cost of automobile frames in Dertoit is four dollars and thirteen cents; in France, five dollars and sixty-seven cents; in Mexico, colts, $.0000000. The Mexican colts run longer and are self-feeders.

The United States has 76,423 miniature golf links, all losing money.

Mexico has four and doesn't want those.

The United States passes each year 198,532 laws. Of these it enforces two. Mexico passes two laws every 198,532 years. Of these it enforces four.

The United States has prohibition which is so successful that you often have to walk half a block before you can get a drink, while in the old days a full block was the regulation distance.

Prohibition turns over at least six billions of dollars a year to grafters, crooks, racketeers and what not. This money would mean one hundred dollars per capita for every unemployed man, with his family, in the United States.

Mexico has sense.

In 1929, in the United States, 765,980 people were killed by the products of Henry Ford, General Motors and similar intellectual giants. This is nine more than have been killed in all Mexican revolts since Benito Juarez.

California and Florida both brag about their climate.

Neither, apparently, has been to Mexico.

The average American spends, of each twenty-four hours, eight in work, eight in sleep, and the other eight wondering how the hell he is going to get by.

The average Mexican doesn't.

Of course, all these facts show how far the United States is ahead of Mexico.

On the other hand, where is the United States going? And what is it going to do after it gets there?

* * *

Porter Emerson Browne's contact with Carmel was established through the Golden Bough production of his outstanding success "The Bad Man." The foregoing contribution, placing The Carmelite on a temporary parity with Collier's and other national publications for "names," came to us through the good offices of Frank Sheridan, a close friend of the author.

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REDISCOVERY OF MEXICO
THE LAND OF SURPRISES
BY LINCOLN WIRT
FOR THE FORUM OF THE CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB
SAT., NOV. 22 AT 8:15
CARMEL GIRL SCOUT HOUSE
THE PUBLIC INVITED

A poster similar to the above, given widespread distribution on Monday, has served to acquaint the public with a forthcoming lecture of more than ordinary interest.

Lincoln Wirt, formerly United States Director of Education in Alaska, and International Commissioner for the Near East Relief, is now Western Secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War. He spent the summer of 1929 in Mexico as a member of the Seminar, a group of American educators and writers who went under the auspices of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, to study Mexico.

There he came in personal contact with many of the important figures in Mexican life—cabinet ministers, university professors, writer, professional men, the head of the largest labor organization, as well as Ambassador Morrow and Portes-Gil.

He visited schools and heard the plans of Dr. Moises Saenz, sub-Secretary of Education, a graduate of Columbia; and of Enrique Aguirre, Director of Physical Education, a University of California man. Everywhere he found evidences of an intellectual awakening in Mexico.

"After the brown mesa, the green valleys and wooded slopes of the Central Mexican plateau are in striking contrast. One lovely valley follows another, dotted with *haciendas* in Spanish architecture, surrounded by church and peon-quarters and fenced by stone walls or cactus ramparts. . . The train winds its way through gorges equal to the Grand Canyon, between saw-tooth mountains that rival the Selkirks, then out into other fertile valleys. It is a tourists' paradise. The scenery rivals that of Spain or Italy, and brings Switzerland constantly to mind. The houses along the way are attractive and cheerful, with flower-filled dooryards. The contrast between the native life here and in Mediterranean lands is all in favor of Mexico—and this after four hundred years of suppression and exploitation. Give Mexico three things—peace, water and education—and we shall have a neighbor to be proud of."

This is the Mexico of which Dr. Wirt writes and regarding which he will speak on Saturday, November twenty-second, at eight-fifteen, at the Girl Scout House. The public is invited.

JAPANESE SOPRANO AT THE GALLERY

A number of Carmel's lovers of music gathered in the Denny-Watrous Gallery last Sunday night forgot for a time the cold and drizzling rain outside which had made their own firesides almost more tempting than the attraction at the Gallery, being fairly transported to the far away land of cherry blossoms. The rarely charming personality of the diminutive Takane Nambu, the lovely voice displayed with such refinement of taste, removed any existing barriers of reserve and the audience enjoyed her thoroughly.

Mme. Nambu's program, which she arranged according to any momentary whim, contained both classical numbers and songs of her own folk, and throughout the program, there was entirely satisfying musicianship, a beautiful quality of voice, and a fine interpretive feeling. Although most of her singing was done in a lighter, more delicate manner, Mme. Nambu surprised her listeners with intensely dramatic effects in her singing of the numbers from "Madame Butterfly."

Without doubt, the audience delighted most in Mme. Nambu's presentation of the Japanese folk songs. Wearing the beautiful costume of her people, and accompanying her singing with movements of utmost grace and delicacy, she presented various moods of the folk of Japan. Each folk song she prefaced with a brief explanation given in delightfully broken English,—and the more tragically she became involved in phrases of English, the more was her audience pleased.

A. M. B.

DENNY WATROUS GALLERY

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FRI. DEC. 5— NOEL SULLIVAN BARITONE

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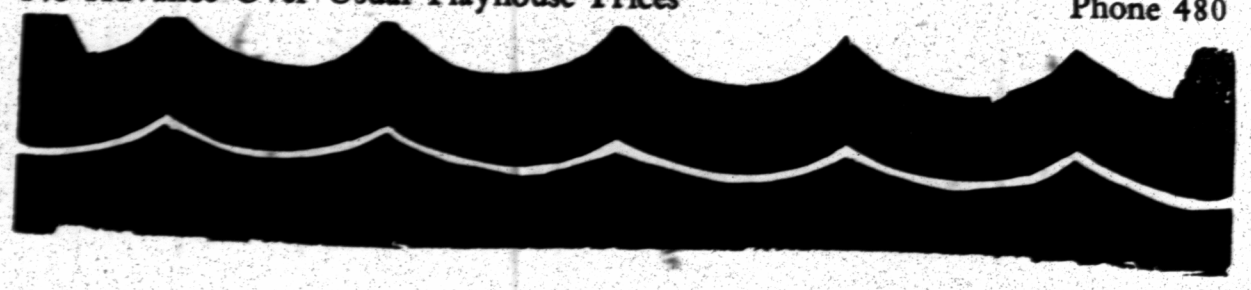

"DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY"

Under the direction of Mrs. O. W. Bardarson, a cast of eleven readers has prepared a fine bit of entertainment for members and guests of the Monterey Peninsula Drama Guild who meet in the Arts and Crafts Hall at eight thirty o'clock on Tuesday evening, November twenty-fifth. The chief attraction of the evening's entertainment will be the reading of "Death Takes a Holiday."

It is built upon a unique situation wherein "Death," disguised by the glow of the lamp of illusion, takes a three-day holiday from his duties. In the role of a mortal, Prince Sirki, "Death" is guest at a certain household, and from his various associates he seeks to learn why mortals entertain such great fear of him.

Numerous amusing situations develop: during the three days no life declines, nor does any matter decay. The play contains much that is profound and stirring, expressed in an abundance of fine lines.

The cast of readers includes Gertrude Bardarson in the role of "Death," Lita Bathen, "Gracia," Frederik Rummelle, "Corrado," Anna Baer, "Rhoda Fenton," Milton Lanyon, "Eric Fenton," B. F. Dixon, "Duke Lambert," Frances Montgomery, "Shephanie," Blanche Tolmie, the "Princess," Amelie Nichols, "'Alda," Allan Knight, the "Baron," and Charles McGrath, the "Major."

THE COMMUNITY CHEST

The 1931 campaign for the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest will be officially launched December second. A goal of twenty-five thousand dollars has been set for the campaign.

Jack Beaumont, who again heads the campaign committee, has made the following announcement:

"In 1931, more than ever before, the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest needs the support of everyone who can possibly contribute either large or small donations.

"The present acute unemployment finds many more Monterey Peninsula families in need of help than was the case a year ago.

"Remember, even if your own financial condition may have been impaired during the past year, that their are others whose needs are desperate at this particular time. Make this year's Christmas a real Christmas for the hungry and unemployed."

The Community Chest campaign committee will meet during the coming week to lay final plans for the campaign in order to be ready for a flying start on December second.

"THE SHIP" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

On the two night following Thanksgiving, the well-known Moroni Olsen Players will present at Carmel Playhouse St. John Ervine's fine and famous play, "The Ship," with Janet Young as Old Mrs. Thurlow, Moroni Olsen as John Thurlow and Gordon Nelson as Captain Cornelius. This is the farewell tour of the company, which as an ensemble group has been well said to have done for the West what the Theatre Guild has done for New York and the East.

With the Golden Bough dark for an indefinite period and only two performances of "The Ship" scheduled, the capacity of the Playhouse doubtless will be taxed to its utmost on Friday and Saturday of next week. The seat sale will commence Monday afternoon.

"The Ship" was played here six years ago during the first season of the Golden Bough. Ellen Van Volkenburg's portrayal of Old Mrs. Thurlow, unforgettable though it was, is said to be equalled if not surpassed by that of Janet Young, the company's star. According to the press reviews posted on the Dolores street *kiosk*, the Moroni Olsen Players are ending their fine career as a group with the most brilliant of all their productions.

"The Ship" is recreation, adventure, lesson and inspiration. In England it shares with its predecessor "John Ferguson," also by Ervine, the honor of a place among the first dozen plays of the decade just closing. It has its serious aspect, like all the Ervine plays, and is intenely dramatic, but there is sufficient humor to enliven the tense passages. It brings out the age-old conflict between father and son of different temperaments and ambitions. The father, a famous shipbuilder, wants the boy to follow in his footsteps. The son rebels; he wants to be a farmer. The father is relentless, and from the son's concession comes the dramatic climax of the play. In and around the contest between proud and stubborn middle age and stubborn and proud youth hovers wise old age, personified by Janet Young as the eighty-three year old mother of the shpibuilder, grandmother of the boy, keeping the balance when disaster threatens.

Gordon Nelson, as Captain Cornelius, the ex-soldier who wants a "cushy" life of ease, is said to give as perfect an exhibition of gentlemanly intoxication as could be wished for. His role, as well as the other so-called minor parts of the play, is cited by the press as a masterly demontration of the perfection of the ensemble playing of this fine repertory company, which for nine years has made its annual visit the high spot in the theatrical season of most of the western and northwestern cities of importance.

With only one more play after "The Ship" to round out the 1930 season, Edward Kuster, of Carmel Playhouse, now the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough expresses the hope that Carmel and the Peninsula will turn out in force to see this fine play, and to compliment the Moroni Olsen group, many of whom were of invaluable assistance last summer both in the Forest Theatre and in the Playhouse productions.

MORONI OLSEN TO READ

Many have been the requests for another reading by Moroni Olsen, the director of the Moroni Olsen Players. His reading of "The Green Pastures" in the Denny-Watrous Gallery last July delighted and gave genuine enjoyment to his audience.

The Gallery has been able to secure Mr. Olsen for another reading on the occasion of his coming to Carmel Playhouse with his production of "The Ship" next week. On November thirtieth, Sunday evening, Mr. Olsen will read "John Gabriel Borkham" by Ibsen, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

NOEL SULLIVAN COMING

Noel Sullivan, whose name has been for long connected with music and the arts in San Francisco, will give a program of songs in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Friday evening, December fifth. At the piano will be Elizabeth Alexander, the famous accompanist.

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CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

Carmel has reason to be proud of its Music Society Entering upon its fourth season with the presentation of Geiseking two weeks ago, the Society is in the happy position of having greater numerical—and consequently financial—support than at any previous time in its history. Following is a list of the membership for the current year:

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YOUTH TO HAVE ITS DAY

Arthur Wilson, Otto Brede, Harry Lee, eleven, fourteen and fifteen years old respectively, have enough of an exhibit to fill a gallery three times the size of the Denny-Watrous establishment and to give pause to the sophisticate.

These three San Francisco boys, pupils of Amy Dewing Flemming, the California painter, have attracted much attention because of their unusually interesting work. Arthur Wilson, eleven, with a commonplace background, likes to draw little neighborhood scenes, also heads from imagination. Harry Lee, fifteen, is gifted in many ways, and shows a high degree of sophistication for his years. His style is showy and brilliant. Otto Brede, fourteen, is the star of the show. Most of the work shown was done in his thirteenth year. Of sturdy German stock, promising the real painter, he shows a real sense of design as well as character. Otto has already had his first one-man show, having had a group of drawings and paintings in oil at the Paul Elder Galleries, San Francisco, for two weeks last March. The following excerpts from San Francisco papers show the seriousness with which his exhibit was taken.

"With ordinary colored crayons Brede has made portrait studies of characters, mostly from the Latin quarter, Portsmouth Square. In their rugged strength and colorful quality these studies suggest Van Gogh. The boy shows creative ability and a strong sense of form and design."—San Francisco "Examiner."

From the "'Chronicle": Otto Brede is a student in the San Francisco public schools . . . Little over a year ago he was sent by his teacher to Amy Dewing Fleming, herself a former teacher of art in the city schools, for private instruction.

"The exhibition in the Elder Gallery is composed of his studies, drawings and paintings during the past year when he was but thirteen years old. Most of the drawings and some of the paintings are portrait studies of men from Portsmouth Square—negroes, old sailors, derelicts—all have posed for this boy who found in each type something of great interest to him. . . Working in strong contrasts and bold masses, Otto has done work whose spirit might well be envied by many a professional artist.

"It is interesting to see how this young boy has absorbed the attitude of contemporary artists in search of organized form and, without self-consciousness, has visualized his paintings and drawings in terms of volume relationships."

The work of these three boys will be shown in the Denny-Watrous Gallery until the first of December.

The Need is Greater This Year Than Ever Before

Give Liberally to the MONTEREY PENINSULA COMMUNITY CHEST

Annual Drive Starts December 2

On Paper Wings

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

"I used to listen to him at that time, mostly walking through the streets at night, for the sake of some strange sentence, beautiful and profound, amid many words that seemed without meaning; and there are others, too who walked and listened, for he had become, I think, to all his fellow students, sacred, as the fool is sacred in the East."

Thus Yeats about George Russell in the Dublin of the nineties. Much muddy water and bloody water has poppled the Liffy since then: wars, revolutions; religion and jingoism, as often, twin murderers of life. George Russell, always in Ireland, stayed out of that arena of martyr, madman and zealot. He had work to do in aiding the common people, the victims, to find ways of living. But he held the respect of all fair elements in the strife for his courage and unselfishness.

For thirty years he built, farmer by farmer, peasant by peasant, a cooperative system of growing better food, butter and eggs, and selling these products profitably for the toilers; and meanwhile became, himself, not only George Russell, the ablest economist of his native land, but AE, poet, painter, essayist, publicist, and most absurd to an American, the truest and profoundest *mystic* of our times. It would be impossible, maybe, except in Ireland.

Carmel will see, or has seen AE. In his own office and in his home in Dublin, I found him one of the most impressive men, perhaps the firmest-founded individual, I had met in the world, a world I had moved in from Argentina to Alaska, from Africa to Siberia.

In him is a common sense, a simple, natural realness, a plain objectivity, and awareness of people and goings on, powerfully in contrast to his magic, mystic communion with earth forces, with faery beings; a communion incredible to most of us. Imagine a big butter-and-egg man, an authority on finance and marketing, say like Hoover was on food in war days, and make him one with Rabindranath Tagore! The comparison is odious, but the equation is as strange.

Plunkett House, a downtown Dublin mansion, in use for bettering Ireland, is an odd place, for as said a woman visitor, though perpetually wrapped in a Celtic mist, it exudes a slight, but not offensive, aroma of creamery butter. The practical fairies there charm the cows into letting down, liberally, high-grade milk, and turn the churn handles throughout the island.

There I found AE on the fourth floor under the roof, the wide and easy walk-up of an old residence, and the great man made ready by a letter from Padraic Colum, to believe me honestly interested in my forbears' birthplace. When he did his tasks I could not reckon, for from all over the globe people came to lay their problems before him, to see and hear him, to go away with a slightly confused puzzlement at his simplicity of manner, his utter lack of the currency of small talk, and by an uncanny sense of strength, and rarity of character in him. Though he said little, a feeling of his sympathy, of his understanding, of a sort of universality of mind seldom met before, pervaded the visitor departing. And, too, a vague desire to readjust one's values, to—er!—be kinder, truer, more—er!—bigger. The Rotary motion—or is it notion?—of being that had made the visitor jaunty in the regular walk of life, seemed suddenly unequal to the new conception thrust on him.

It wasn't anything AE said. He was all warmth of greeting, listened courteously to one's palaver, and offered to guide or introduce, talked squarely of conditions. No, it was an intangible feeling he conveyed of an attitude towards humanity, a singular perception of truth, or truth of perception; an unusual understanding of what ails the forked radish, *homo sapiens*.

I could write about AE's poetry, painting, philosophy, economics, statesmanship. He has that faculty of making to shine many facets of the mind, which marks the rounded, ungrooved man who now and then delights his age. He is a creation of his own desires by an early and continuous concentration on the powers of earth, the *soil* of our planet, allied with the arts that voice his emotions. In "The Candle of Vision," published a dozen years ago, in a chapter headed Power, AE says:

> The easier life becomes in our civilization, the remoter we are from nature, the more does power ebb away from most of us. It ebbs away for all but those who never relax the will to sustain it hour by hour. We even grow to dread the powerful person because we feel how phantasmal before power are beauty and wisdom, and indeed there is no true beauty or wisdom which is not allied with strength."

That is the essence of his personality, and of his influence over those about him. He is like a mossy rock in a glassy world.

From the Collected Works of AE

The Great Breath

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day:
There where the ether like a diamond glows
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;
Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows;
The great deep thrills, for through it everywhere
The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past
Moulded to her by deep and deeper breath,
Nearer to the hour where Beauty breathes her last
And know herself in death.

AE as Revealed in "The Candle of Vision"

Better, perhaps, than a dozen interviews, this chapter gives an insight into the fascinating personality of AE. The heading is "Inspiration."

There is no personal virtue in me other than this that I followed a path all may travel but on which few do journey. It is a path within ourselves where the feet first falter in shadow and darkness but which is later made gay by heavenly light. As one who has travelled a little on that way and who has had some far-off vision of the Many-Colored Land, if I tell what I know, and how I came to see most clearly, I may give hope to those who would fain believe in that world the seers spake of, but who cannot understand the language written by those who had seen that beauty of old, or who may have thought the ancient scriptures but a record of extravagant desires. None need special gifts. or genius. Gifts! There are no gifts. For all that is ours we have paid the price. There is nothing we aspire to for which we cannot barter some spiritual merchandise of our own. Genius! There is no stinting of this by the keeper of the Treasure House. It is not bestowed but is won. Yon man of heavy soul might if he willed play the lyre of Apollo, that drunkard be god-intoxicated. Powers are not bestowed by caprice of any. The formulae the chemist illustrates, making exposition before his students, are not more verifiable than the formulae of that alchemy by which what is gross in us may be transmuted into ethereal fires. Our religions make promises to be fulfilled beyond the grave because they have no knowledge now to be put to the test, but the ancients spake of a divine vision to be attained while we are yet in the body. The religion which does not cry out :"I am today verifiable as that water wets or that fire burns. Test me and you can become as gods." Mistrust it. Its messengers are prophets of the darkness. As we sink deeper into the Iron Age we are met by the mighty devils of state and empire lurking in the abyss, claiming the soul for their own, moulding it to their image, to be verily their own creature and not heaven's. We need a power in ourselves that can confront these mighty powers. Though I am blind I have had moments of sight. Though I have sinned I have been on the path. Though I am feeble I have seen the way to power. I sought out ways to make

Continued on page ten

Two Carmel Poets . . .

Momento Mori

On Earth I was. The Earth that spun through Night
To Day—but then, through Night's bright cavity.
I saw the great starred crown, Eternity,
Its spheric motion toward, its circled Light;
Contained within, a Serpent in his might
Lashed out a tongue to strike Divinity.
From Moon a scarf of twisted cloud to Sea;
Far clouded nebulæ took wondrous flight.

Long shadows flung themselves from quiet trees
That rooted strong in mountain side and field,
I walked amidst the humming air, and knew
Existence even in such things as these.
There is no using Earth as solid shield
Againt collection of the Sky's dread due.

GLORIA STUART

Heresy

Children of love, restless with the meagre
Ways of chastity and forlorn days,
With heads so proudly high and hearts so eager,
Yet timorous to venture vagrant ways,
Know that age will make its bitter claim
On loveliness in all too short a season,
That Sybarite and virgin find the same
Sure end, the same inevitable treason.

Doubt not then, wisdom of the fertile earth.
Be mirthful now and friendly with the moon.
Too soon sweet shining eyes forget their worth
And singing mouths learn pious tunes. Too soon
The reddest lips go dumb, and eyes opaque
That cannot shine for love or pity's sake

ELLSWORTH STEWART

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MEDITATION, *by* AE

(*Continued from page nine*)

more securely my own those magical lights that dawned and faded within me. I wished to evoke them at will and be master of my vision, and I was taught to do this which is as old as human life. Day after day, at times where none might interfere, and where none through love or other cause were allowed to interfere, I set myself to attain mastery over the will. I would choose some mental object, an abstraction of form, and strive to hold my mind fixed on it in unwavering concentration, so that not for a moment, not for an instant, would the concentration slacken. It is an exercise this, a training for higher adventures of the soul. It is no light labour. The ploughman's, cleaving the furrows, is easier by far. Five minutes of this effort will at first leave us trembling as at the close of a laborious day. It is then we realise how little of life has been our own, and how much a response to sensation, a drifting on the tide of desire. The rumour of revolt, the spirit would escape its thraldom, runs through the body. Empires do not send legions so swiftly to frustrate revolt as all that is mortal in us hurries along nerve, artery, and every highway of the body to beset the soul. The beautiful face of one we love, more alluring than life, grows before us to enchant us from our task. Old sins, enemities, vanities and desires beleaguer and beseech us. If we do not heed them then they change, they seem to be with us, they open up vistas of all we and they will do when this new power we strive for is attained. If we are tempted down that vista we find with shame after an hour of vain musing that we were lured away, had deserted our task and forgotten that stern fixity of the will we set out to achieve. Let us preserve in our daily ritual and the turmoil increases; our whole being becomes vitalised, the bad as well as the good. The heat of this fervent concentration acts like fire under a pot, and everything in our being boils up madly. We learn our own hitherto unknown character. We did not know we could feel such fierce desires, never imagined such passionate enmities as now awaken. We have created in ourselves a centre of power and grow real to ourselves. It is dangerous, too, for we have flung ourselves into the eternal conflict between spirit and matter, and find ourselves where the battle is hottest, where the foemen are locked in a death struggue. We are in grips with mightier powers than we had before conceived of. What man is there who thinks he has self-control? He stands in the shallow waters, nor has gone into the great deep, nor been tossed at the mercy of the waves. Let him rouse the arcane powers in himself, and he will feel like one who has let loose the avalanche. None would live through that turmoil if the will were the only power in ourselves we could invoke, for the will is neither good nor bad but is power only, and it vitalises good or bad indifferently. If that were all our labour would bring us, not closer to divine bing, but only to a dilation of the personality. But the ancients who taught us to gain this intensity taught it but as preliminary to a meditation which would not waver and would be full of power. The meditation they urge on us has been explained as "the inexpressible yearning of the inner man to go out into the infinite." But that Infinite we would enter is living. It is the ultimate being of us. Meditation is a fiery brooding on that majestical Self. We imagine ourselves into Its vastness. We conceive ourselves into Its vastness. We conceive ourselves as mirroring Its infinitudes, as moving in all things, as living in all beings, in earth, water, air, fire, aether. We try to know as It knows, to live as It lives, to be compassionate as It is compassionate. We equal ourselves to It that we may understand It and become It. We do not kneel to It as slaves, but as Children of the King we lift ourselves up to that Glory, and affirm to ourselves that we are what we imagine. "What a man thinks, that he is: that is the old secret," said the wise. We have imagined ourselves into this pitful dream of life. By imagination and will we re-enter true being, becoming that we conceive of. On that path of fiery brooding I entered. At first all was stupor. I felt as one who steps out of day into the colourless night of a cavern, and that was because I had suddenly reversed the habitual motions of life. We live normally seeing through the eyes, hearing through the ears, stirred by the senses, moved by bodily powers, and receiving only such spiritual knowledge as may pass through a momentary purity of our being. On the mystic path we create our own light, and at first we struggle blind and baffled, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, unable to think, unable to imagine. We seem deserted by dream, vision or inspiration, and our meditation barren altogether. But let us persist through weeks or months, and sooner or later that stupor disappears. Our faculties readjust themselves, and do the work we will them to do. Never did they do their work so well. The dark caverns of the brain begin to grow luminous. We are creating our own

light. By heat of will and aspiration we are transmuting what is gross in the subtle æthers through which the mind works. As the dark bar of metal begins to glow, at first redly, then at white heat, or as ice melts and is alternately fluid, vapour, gas, and at last a radiant energy, so do these aethers become purified and alchemically changed into luminous essences, and they make a new vesture for the soul, and link us to mid-world or heavenward where they to have their true home. How quick the mind is now! How vivid the imagination! W are lifted above the tumult of the body. The heat of the blood disappears below us. We draw nigher to ourselves. The heart longs for the hour of meditation and hurries to it; and, it comes, we rise within ourselves as a diver to long under seas rises to breathe the air, to see the light. We have invoked the God and we are answered according to the old promise. As our aspiration so is our inspiration. We imagine it as Love and what a love enfolds us. We conceive of it as Might and we take power from that Majesty. We dream of It as Beauty and the Magician of the Beautiful appears everywhere at Its miraculous art, and the multidinous lovely creatures of Its thought are busy moulding nature and life in their image, and all are hurrying, hurrying to the Golden World. This vision brings its own proof to the spirit, but words cannot declare or explain it. We must go back to to lower levels and turn to that which has form from that which is bodiless.

(Acknowledgment is made to the MacMillan Company, publishers of AE's works.)

YOUTH FLOCKS TO "OTHELLO"

The youth of today has not lost step with the Bard of Stratford-on-Avon.

"Othello," now in its last week at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, has drawn audiences largely from the high schools, colleges and universities. "Bald-headed row" is filled with "permanented bobs" and slicked-back head. And moreover, they like it, says the press agent of the Playhouse

Pasadena's production of "Othello" will go down in the history of little theatres as a magnificent classical presentation of this famous play. Settings by Janis Muncis, widely-known artist, transform the theatre into a colorful strip of Venice. The unusually fine cast includes Morris Ankrum in the role of "Iago."

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Picking Up a Few "Strands"

Being an Honest Confession of Many Failures

By FRANK SHERIDAN

Continued from last week

In my past performances as a tale-teller I have given quite a few stories of how to live cheaply, or, I should say, exist on little money. But this week I'll mention how once I had high-class "chow" for next to nothing and was prepared to pay a good price for same.

The story starts in New York when an actor, Walter Birch, who had written a play of the "may heaven protect the poor working girl" type, did what was infinitely of more importance than the writing of any play: he found an 'angel' to furnish the money for putting the show on the road for a summer run preparatory to the New York productinon in the fall. At least, that is the way Birch put it to the 'angel' as bait to land him.

I doubt if the 'angel' would have been interested if it had not been for a daughter, Marguerite (I forget the last name). Marguerite had played "all the leading parts in our dramatic club plays at home for the past four years"; and she had criticisms from the local papers to prove it. You know the kind, where the town elocution teacher covers the show and says everyone was great and several better than the professionals who created the parts. Well, Marguerite had a scrap-book loaded with that stuff and notices from the neighboring towns, "where we'd go to play a night just for a lark. My! It was such fun," the rising star would inform us. As I was the dashing hero who would rush in and rescue the poor and pure maiden at the "crucial moment, I got most of her confidences regarding her artistic ambitions and longings. She was a nice kid, was Marguerite, and I didn't have the heart to let her know she was hopeless. I have an idea she "woke up' to her lack of ability just before we went smash.

Our last stand was Pontiac, Michigan, and, as you know by now that I had run into plenty of experience with companies that were going to bust, I sent my hotel trunk to the theatre in every town for some days before we went "blooey."

We were to play Pontiac for two nights; why we ever played it for one night has never been discovered.

Very poor house the first night and poorer the second.

Our manager, thinking it would help business, arranged for the company the second afternoon to give a sort of vaudeville-concert entertainment at the state insane asylum in the town. That *was* an experience. Talk about tough audiences. Those unfortunates were the hardest bunch to please that I ever played to—and I've played a lot of towns in Indiana, don't forget.

Nothing and nobody got a smile or a hand except Georgia Lawrence, our ingenue, who could charm a statue anyway, (afterwards she was a big success in New York) and Walter Birch, who did the announcing. They applauded him as soon as he came on, kept on applauding all through his announcement and kept it up until the next turn came on, when they became as quiet as a graveyard.

I had a lot of crazy parodies, some crazier doggerel and a song and dance to give them, and I never got a murmur until I got to the dance in which some of them jumped up and commenced to dance around and in no time nearly all were up jumping around having a lovely time. Dozens of them—men and women—would try to imitate the neckfall I did and you can believe me, it was a sight. The attendants let them have their dance out, but couldn't get them quiet again, so my turn ended the show.

But back to the business of stranding. Saturday night during the show, my two trunks went down to the depot unbeknown to anyone except the property man, my chum; an hour after the curtain rang down they were on the train checked to Detroit. As I left the theatre I told the company to do likewise with their belongings, but they laughed at me although we had received no money for three weeks.

The crash came Monday morning after breakfast; the landlord said he wasn't running a hotel for his health, and attached everything.

Monday noon I was registered at the Griswold in Detroit. As I was many dollars short of fare to New York, I had to think hard.

The next day I was walking down St. Clair Avenue, when I saw a sign with a familiar name on it. I knew the man whose name it was, knew him when I was a boy back in Boston. An idea came. I entered the office; there sat my old friend. He knew me at once; I had stolen apples and pears from his trees, and grapes from his vines. Once he had had caught me bending as I climbed his fence and his cane left three blistering welts on a place I cannot see. We talk-

ed about that incident and may other things of Boston days, then got down to business.

Net result of the conference was that he would give me an outfit valued at a thousand dollars, which I was to pay out of profits; also I acquired a "doctor" and his wife, two performers and two Iriquois Indians from Canada. With this outfit I was to start my career as one of the companies operated by "Doc" Campbell to sell the "Umatilla Indian Remedies."

My first "pitch" was Grape Creek, Illinois, a coal mininig district about eight miles from Danville.

The "doctor" got top money at thirty dollars a week for himself and wife, the Indians got ten dollars each, and "Mons. Theodore," as we billed him, and myself were down for twelve dollars a week. We were to pay for our food and room out of that, unless we wanted to save room rent by sleeping on cots in the tent, which we did in half the towns. Frequently we also cooked on the lot.

"Mons. Theodore" was Monseiur Theodore Cuny, a Swiss-Frenchman and clever. He did a slack-wire act, tight rope, juggling, magic, a nice fire-eating stunt, sang ballads very well, played straight in the "nigger acts" and was a splendid cook.

We had to change our "turns" every night and never repeat during our stay in town.

I sang parodies and other comedy songs, told a half-dozen gags a night and did the black-face in the ministrel acts, and threw in about three song-and-dance numbers during our stay.

Theodore hit upon an idea in those farming towns and that fall started a commission business in Chicago, which he built into a sizeable business within a few years. I never played Chicago but what Theodore would sit in the dressing room of evenings to talk over our "medicine show" days."

Now I'm getting to what I wrote about in the beginning of this story.

In Grape Creek we lived in the outfit; and every day a butcher's wagon would come over from Westfield to supply the miners. I went to the wagon and asked for prices. Steak? Ten cents a pound. But it was round steak. How much is that over there?" "Oh, that, if you want the four of them, you can have for seven cents a pound." "Give them to me." *They were thick porterhouse steaks.* The butcher told me then that he couldn't sell any of that kind to the miners except for stew, as there was "too much bone in it." That doesn't sound possible, but it's absolutely true. We sure did set a good table for ourselves while we were in that region.

I played around Illinois and Indiana for three months and had the outfit paid for with about a hundred dollars velvet in my pocket. Then, in a town near Catlin, Illinois, on a dark and windy night just before the show was to go on, some boys who loved to throw stones at a target selected the supply tanks of the two gasoline torches that illuminated the stage. Said torches at time of said display of markmanship were burning brightly. The company were in the tents making up for the show. We heard the stone-throwing and rushed out just as a sharpshooter hit the bulls-eye, plunk. Of course, the dear boy had no idea that he was going to puncture the tank, the poor little darling. But boy will be boys, you know—and a stream of lovely pure gasoline which had cost me seven cents a gallon by the barrell, went spurting out to meet the unit of Campbell's Umatilla Remedies. The portable stage, saturated with the exploding gasoline, went in a jiffy. The high wind carried burning fragments to the tent which contained the gasoline barrell—and when that beauty went off there wasn't even a bottle of medicine left. They heard the roar for miles and miles.

We had our trunks, as we pulled them out on the first alarm. I got the company back to Detroit and myself to New York and never since have I been a distributor of "Nature's Greatest Gift to Mankind." *To be continued.*

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THE CARMELITE

Churches

ALL SAINTS CHURCH

Dr. Lincoln Wirt, well known author and brilliant lecturer for the National Council for Prevention of War, will speak at All Saints, Carmel, Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. The title of his address will be "Between a Great Memory and a Great Hope."

The public is urgently requested to come and hear him. He has a most important message to give.

THANKSGIVING AT THE COMMUNITY CHURCH

Apropos of the season, Carmel Community Church invites all to a Thanksgiving festival service on Sunday morning next. Particular emphasis will be placed on the spiritual significance of Thanksgiving Day; music and sermon will all conform to this ideal. A beautiful and unusual ritual for the reception of members will have a place in this service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Soul and Body" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon next Sunday in all Churches of Christ, Scientist.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "And what agreement hath thethe temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, And ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (II Cor. 6:16-18).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Because of human ignorance of the divine Principle, Love, the Father of all is represented as a corporeal creator; hence men recognize themselves as merely physical, and are ignorant of man as God's image or reflection and of man's eternal incorporeal existence" (p. 13).

COLEMAN CHAMBER CONCERTS

Music will receive its share of attention at the Pasadena Community Playhouse this winter with the Coleman Chamber Concert series starting on Sunday afternoon, November twenty third, under the direction of Mrs. Alice Coleman Batchelder.

The Bartlett-Frankel String Quartet with the noted English cellist, May Mukle as soloist, will present the first program.

NEW BOOKS AT HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRAY

Feuchtwanger—Success
Gunanrsson—A Saturday Life
Hamsun—Vagabonds
Huxley—Brief Candles
The Longer Day, by the author of Miss Teverton Goes Out
Macaulay—Staying with Relations
Mundy—Black Light
Peel—Five on Parade
Reuter—Daughters
Tully—Shadows of Men
Wallace—The Secret House
Wharton—Certain People
Widdemer—All the King's Horses
Wilhelmson—Midsummer Night
Wodehouse—Piccadilly Jim
Young—The Street of the Islands

Non-Fiction:

Adams—The Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas: a selection of plays illustrating the history of the English drama from its origin down to Shakespeare.
Belloc—Wolsey
E. F. Benson—As We Were: A Victorian Peep Show
Birney—Roads to Roam
Cartwright—Photogravure (Conrad, Bennett, Galsworthy and Wells)
Craig—The Speech Art
Davis—Uncle Sam's Attic: The Intimate Story of Alaska
Dibelius—England
Duffus—Books: Their Place in a Democracy.
Farmer—The Boston Cooking-School Book (new, revised edition)
Fay—Franklin, the Apostle of Modern Times
Philip Gibbs—Since Then
Halida Hadib—Turkey Faces West
Kennedy—Christian Science and Organized Religion
Leland—Woodcarving
Madariaga—Spain
Mather—Son of the Earth
Melitz—The Opera Goers' Complete
Menninger—The Human Mind
Potter—Humanim
Phelps—Essays on Things
Pinchot—To the South Seas
Rapin—Willa Cather
Robinson—Glory of the Nightingales
Tomlinson—Between the Lines
Weigler—The Infidel Emperor
Yeats-Brown—The Lives of a Bengal Lancer

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

NOVEMBER 20, 1930

NUMBER 36

JOE SCHOENINGER EDITOR

BOOK WEEK

This week is the annual national Book Week. Last year we had a very interesting program. It consisted of encouragement of reading good books.

Then in the afternoons various local talent came and gave us interesting and educational talks. There was Jack Calvin and manynskite(vt, faznlvioobb vin and Lincoln Steffens and many others.

This year we are having a slightly different program. The Carmel Public Library has brought to school o selection of books, that are suited to the different classes. There is to be a contest and the best book-reviews wil be given a prize. You are to read one of the books at school and then give a report on it. Besides this contest, there will be lectures in the auditorium by different authors. Many children have entered the contest and we are looking forward to the lectures with impatience.

ANOTHER SUNSET SCRIBE

The Sunset Glow is, of course, the Sunset School's own paper. But last year the Eighth Grade had a class journal, so we decided to have one also Last year, the paper was "Gigles and Gossip" and this year we named it the "After Glow," meaning that we are not competitors of the Sunset Glow!

It has one main editor, Eileen Overhulse, and then the rest of the committee act as feature editors. The paper is organ- School and is going to be a success I'm sure. The first number will appear on December first (unles it's not finished.)

It will be typed and only one copy made. The one copy will be onexhibition and all the kids will read it WITH CLEAN HANDS.

KITES

During the month of November, Sam Coblentz and I became interested in kites, because it was so windy. It happened that I had a lot of sticks about the right size, so we went down to Sam's house and began making kites. They were of every shape and size and ranging from five and one-half feet tall spare kites, round top kites, cone kites, brid kites, five-corner kites, and box kitse. We are planning to mount a camera on the box kite and take pictures of birde-eye views of Carmel and the Coast line.

Neil Weston.

MONTEREY—P.G. GAME

As most of you know, the Monterey Toreadors of the High Schoo played a game against the Pacific Grove Berakers from the P G high school

The game was very exciting and the Breakers, al ogthhtuOu llahfmmmmm Breakers, although they lost the game, 52 to 0, were very good sports. Both teams gave a yell for each other at the end of the game. Sparky Enea played one of the leading parts in the game, making three touchdowns and many good gains. Johnny Campbell, our local talent, also played a notable and hard game.

Eileen Overhulse.

Miscellaneous Mishaps

COLLECTED BY DANNY LOCKWOOD.

Teacher: "Name a natural park in New York."

Jean Leidig: "Niagro Park."

Voice from class-room: "O, I know, that's where all the honeymooners go. *We* were there too."

Bill D.: "Reno is the largest city in Nevada. All the people get their divorces there."

marriages there too, don't they? Just ask A. D. Tective, the boy who just said that he was at Niagra Falls."

Teacher: "Will you please define Postage."

Book Worm: "I know; it's an old post."

DUCK SPORT

The Carmel river is getting to be quite a duck country.

There has been a huge white snow goose killed there, and there are quite a few white wing scooters there also.

Thy are fish ducks and people eat them. When they just come from the north. The recent rains have brought in quite a few ducks. Most of the ducks don't have a chance to land, because the minute they come into the river they are shot down.

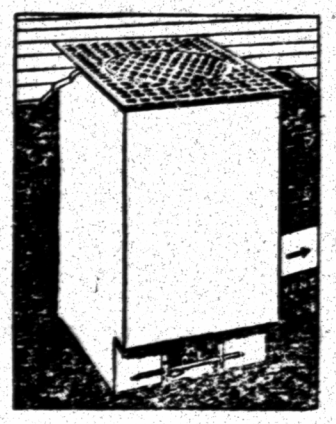
Clifford L Neve

No fires to bother with during cold days

Mother will have no bother or trouble in keeping the house warm and cozy while father is away—provided, there's gas heating equipment installed in your home.

There is no labor to cause aching muscles. Simply turn a handy valve or touch the Thermostat and clean heat starts warming the house. Turn off the heater and there is neither dirt, soot, ashes nor diminishing fuel supply to bother about.

The Floor Furnace



Floor Furnace

The Floor Furnace is especially designed for homes having no basement.

It will heat two or three rooms comfortably, during the coldest weather. This gas-fired appliance draws cold air off the floor, warms it and circulates it all about the rooms. You simply turn a handy valve to start the furnace—and in a few minutes, clean warmth is yours.

The warm air does not come in contact with the burning gas. All products of combustion are vented outside.

You may have a Floor Furnace completely installed now for $10.00 down and only $7.50 per month.

The Circulating Room Heater

The Circulating Room Heater is a graceful cabinet, harmonizing with the most tasteful furnishings.

As no basement is necessary, it is particularly adapted to heating small homes, stores, or offices.

Like the floor furnace, this circulating heater gives clean, convenient heat. It is ideal for heating and circulating healthful warm air in from 2 to 4 rooms. Furthermore, all products of combustion are vented outdoors.

Attractive in design. Economical to operate. Completely installed for only $5.00 down and $7.50 a month.

The Humphrey Radiantfire

Now you can do away with all the discomforts of the old-fashioned fireplace, with its wasteful heating, dirt and ashes, and all attendant labor.

The secret? Modernize your fireplace and change it into cheerful, care-free heating by installing a Humphrey Radiantfire. Besides offering such a modern convenience, the Radiantfire preserves all the romance of an open fireplace.

These heaters may be had in designs and colors to conform with any decorative scheme. Light a Radiantfire — see how quickly you are completely surrounded with radiant warmth.

We will install one of these economical heaters now for only $5.00 down.

Circulating Room Heater

We have warm-air furnaces suitable for heating homes having basements.

You can see the above heaters and also warm-air furnaces at your dealer's store or call at our office.

Radiantfire

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